

Home Circle.

RESIGNATION.

Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To live and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long I will be glad—
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by the door—
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if on earth Thy work be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

—Baxter.

THE FIRST FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

What a joy we all find in it! How we like to collect the sticks for that fire, if we are where sticks are to be collected: how we like to over see its building; how all of us have advice to offer and instruction to give; how we must all lay on our special contribution; how favored is the one who may touch off the flame at last! If we are by the sea, we have gathered drift-wood for it this many a day, and have dried it in the hot noon suns for this very evening's blaze, when it shall fill the room with flames of emerald and ruby, sapphire and Spanish topaz, and we shall hear in its singing over dropping coal and ash, in its roaring up the chimney, the sound of storm and rushing wave in the midst of safety, and point our pleasure with the tragedy of the last sigh and smothered cry of drowning sailors. And we sit and tell tales of horror and shipwreck and ghostly visitant till the flame falls and leaves us chill as the ghosts that have trailed their garments by. And if it is in the country-side we sojourn, then what equal wonders we see in the dear blaze, as it sends out its warmth and cheer on the cool morning air, or on the evening gloom when the heavy dews warn us all indoors! For there are burning all the spices and fragrances and sunshine and colors condensed from the hot months.

We look at its lustres much as those old voyagers might have looked at the splendid conflagration when their ships were burning behind them; we well might wonder at ourselves that we can look at it so lightly, for here are our oars and sails and paddles burning, our alpenstocks and buckboards, our long evening strolls, our days in the heart of the wood, our double-handed abundance of flowers. But we know it is only because we know we are going forward to new pleasures that we can feed and face the flames so gladly. And if we have gone back to the city, and it is there that we have put the blaze together on the little hearth in the back parlor, or on the big one in the big hall, then it is like kindling a fire upon an altar, it is the recognition of home; on the shrine of domestic life we offer to our lares and penates a sacrifice of all the joys of summer—perhaps with a half-conscious prayer that the hearth may not be bare in any other home in all the cold months to come. And as we watch the flames shine and soar and flash up the chimney and disappear among the eternal stars, we know it is all a mirror of the transformations of life and death, and so find a new sacredness in the blaze that is the seal and sign of home.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BRAVE BOYS.

Out on Long Island three boys were picking cherries. One fell out of the tree and broke his hip. The other two, after sending a man for an ambulance, put their companion into a wagon and drew it more than a mile in the hot sun until they met the ambulance. Over in New Jersey, near the tracks of many railroads, two boys were picking up the loose coal that dropped from the engines. They were so busy that they did not notice that an engine had been attached until one of the boys had been run over, the train backing up suddenly while he was stooping. His companion lifted him upon his back and carried him over half a mile until he reached the station. He was so exhausted that he fainted when his companion was taken away to the hospital.

Just rough, ragged, careless boys, but so often brave and true!

BREAKFAST.

Breakfast plays a very important part in human affairs. It may be almost said, as goes breakfast so goes the day. How many well laid plans have miscarried, how often has the milk of human kindness been soured, how much mischief in general has been wrought because of violations of the unwritten laws of breakfast-time! Many of the best-meaning people are transgressors in this regard, and need to be reminded that the morning meal is a matter which must not be trifled with.

To begin: The appearance of the breakfast-table has power for good or ill over the appetite. It is not so much the kind of food placed before one, as it is the way in which it is served, that makes it inviting or uninviting. Cleanliness and neatness go far toward making the simplest of dishes palatable. Mere bread and water, with such accompaniments, would be more acceptable to multitudes of persons than costly profusion would be without them. So, too, it makes a vast deal of difference whether one sits down to breakfast in a thankful, pleasant frame of mind, or in a moody and fault-finding spirit. Breakfast should be eaten amid smiles and cheery conversation. Bright looks and merry words are most excellent appetizers and digesters—better tonics than any apothecary can recommend. Nor, if it can be helped, is one's breakfast to be eaten hurriedly. What! You have a train to catch, and must therefore bolt your omelet, almost without tasting it, and swallow your coffee in a few gulps, even though you half scald your throat? Why didn't you rise earlier? Come! It is much wiser to abridge the morning nap than to abridge the morning meal. If you want to be a pessimist, and win the reputation of a chronic growler, you are on the right road to success. A generous half hour devoted to breakfast is time well spent. Eat leisurely and not too heartily, and you will be stronger and happier for it all day. Let no person despise the blessings of a good breakfast, properly eaten. The art of breakfasting rightly is one of the distinguishing marks of higher civilization.—*The Watchman.*